The
COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK 267
DIVINE MASQUERADE (*Verse*) *Joseph Breig* 270
PLANNING FOR FARMERS *Leo Camp* 271
CAROLS WITHOUT JINNY *Joe Dever* 272
ROAR OF SEA ON THE PLAINS (*Verse*) *M. F. Myser* 274
COMMUNICATIONS 275
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 275
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 276
EDWARD BELLAMY *Francis Downing* 276
WATKIN'S ESTHETIC *Cuthbert Wright* 278
EDITORS' CHOICE 279
Green Dolphin Street—Samuel Johnson
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 280
Escape via Berlin—China to Me—Forever Amber—The Middle Kingdom—Armistice 1918—Frances Willard—Take Them Up Tenderly—The Development of Higher Education in Mexico
THE INNER FORUM 284

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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

MARY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*; C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor*; JOHN C. CORI, *Associate Editor*; JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*.

The "Catastrophe"

POLAND'S drama has now reached the stage which can properly be called its catastrophe. The prologue came during the summer months of 1939, when Soviet Russia was insisting in its negotiations for alliances upon a rectification of its European frontiers. We do not yet positively know the terms it considered minimum; we only know that the English could not stomach them and that the Germans could and did. The result was the partition of Poland between Germany and Russia and the disappearance of the Baltic States, swallowed by Moscow. Since the line between German and Polish Russia was approximately the line on which Stalin has since been adamant, we may safely infer that this line represented Russia's demands as early as the summer of 1939. Then, when the lineup shifted, and Germany invaded her erstwhile partner, Moscow continued to insist upon a rectification of her Western frontier.

Naturally the Polish Government in Exile, in London, could not accept without a struggle the permanent solution Russia desired. But the real climax of the drama came when our own State Department simply refused to discuss this matter with Russia's representatives. This refusal began almost two and a half years ago, when we were in an excellent bargaining position and when we could have made ourselves heard in Soviet councils as we cannot do today. But we refused our responsibility, and the consequence is that we find our present Secretary of State saving his embarrassment at a *fait accompli* by issuing a shamefully ambiguous statement—simply because there is no other way to save face.

It would be a wrong conclusion, however, to think that what has happened means the end of Poland, a real and ultimate catastrophe. Western Poland is still the united heart of that unhappy country, and might well succeed in building a finer and a truer Polish State than what we saw between the two wars. It is here that our present and future responsibility lies—in doing all we can to see to it that such a state is truly given a chance to come into the being it merits.

Friend of Franco?

IN THE MINDS of some of its most successful practitioners the secret of journalism is never to write unless in a state of indignation. Once this wisdom of this world has been grasped and its potentialities fully savored, the only problem that remains is to decide who is to be the object of attack and then to conjure up some charge with which to start the fireworks. The practitioners have become so expert that it is not always easy to distinguish between genuine protests against injustice and iniquity and cries which are merely the current mouthings of men ever intent on kicking up a fuss about whatever is handy. In any case the devotees of pugilistic journalism are to be found both in reactionary and leftish circles and even unhappily in what is loosely referred to as "the religious press." No single political persuasion has a monopoly on American journalistic bellicosity.

In leftist circles in recent years this tendency has flowered into a knack of applying the epithet of "fascist" at the drop of a sombrero. This has kept tempers up and relieved commentators of the task of informing themselves and their public as to adequate corroborating details. One word has sufficed to resolve the complexities of a dozen political situations. As good a current example as any is provided by the December 16 *Nation*, which begins an editorial on the Spanish situation in this fashion: "The recall of Ambassador Hayes, should the rumor be confirmed, will be welcomed by all Americans who have resented his consistent pro-Franco stand."

Contrast this characteristically over-facile gibe with the facts outlined in the December *Harpers* by Edward Weintal and Ernest K. Lindley, chief

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of *Newsweek's* Washington Bureau. Professor Hayes arrived in Madrid in May 1942 and from then until the successful completion of our Tunisian campaign a year later, our "State Department and the British Foreign Office operated under a directive from the Combined Chiefs of Staff." The main job assigned in view of our projected North African landings was to keep Hitler out of both Spain and Spanish Morocco. That was essential for our success. It explains the shipments of petroleum to Spain. And as long as direct land communication between Germany and Spain was open, our policy and the representations of Ambassador Hayes enabled us to buy up some $160,000,000 worth of wool and other products sorely needed by Germans who were freezing to death on the Russian front. It also enabled French troops to escape to North Africa via Spain despite all German protests. Finally, the Spaniards agreed to curtail their shipments of wolfram (source of tungsten) so drastically that it seriously impaired the production of certain important nazi weapons. The evidence is substantial that Carlton Hayes's mission to Madrid was a noteworthy success.

If any doubt lingers as to the views and activities of the man, it is dispelled outright by the letters and memoranda published in the same *Harpers* article. We wish we could quote in its entirety Ambassador Hayes's reply to Count Jordana, who had asked on June 15, 1943, why Spain was so consistently represented as a fascist country. (It should be compulsory reading for those who so easily bandy that black epithet about without bothering as to its content.) As evidence our ambassador wrote Count Jordana that Spain's one party system bore the strongest resemblance to that of the nazis and the fascists. He cited the uniform, the salute, dictatorship over the press, lack of freedom of assembly, the imprisonment of political opponents and the party's totalitarian doctrines. He further pointed to the constant exchange of visits and other friendly relationships between leading Falangists and German nazi and Italian fascist luminaries, the Blue Division sent to fight the Russians, the pro-nazi viewpoint of the Franco press, films and radio, the facilities afforded the Gestapo in Spain and the amount of official propaganda continually directed against the "democracies." He leaves no doubt as to where he stands. Calling Carlton Hayes "pro-Franco" is simply another instance of slapdash journalism.

A Note on Discrimination

"FOR a religious association or corporation to require that those who are to be employed to promote the purposes of such association or corporation be bona fide adherents of the faith represented by such association or corporation is not discrimination but a just exercise of the right to select employees with the necessary occupational qualifications." This tortuous sentence gleaned from an AP dispatch from Albany, N. Y., forms part of a short quotation from a statement of the State Catholic Welfare Commission. It is a statement which also affirms adherence to the principle that "no person should be deprived of the opportunity to work because of prejudice or discrimination."

With the scanty data at hand it is hardly useful to comment on the statement as such, but the general principle involved is worth reviewing. There can be no question that there are certain functions performed by Catholic organizations which by their very nature require a Catholic if they are to be performed efficiently. On the other hand there are many others which can be accomplished by any competent person of good will. It has been the practice of Catholic hospitals, for instance, to employ the best doctors and the best technicians they could find available. What would seem to be a mistake would be any instance where Catholics as such take a stand opposing anti-discrimination measures at least for the implicit reason that it would prevent them from caring for their own.

The Japanese Americans

THE administrative decision, announced by the Army, that Japanese Americans of proved loyalty may return to the Pacific Coast was immediately bolstered by a decision to the same effect from the Supreme Court. Thus is formally rectified a great injustice. But this formal rectification cannot undo the damage that has been done. Indications from the Coast are that the urban areas will be happy enough (and, indeed, have already shown themselves happy enough) to receive once more their Japanese fellows. But in the rural areas the feeling is bitter and is so strong that force would probably be used against any Japanese farmers who might try to go back to their farms. The War Relocation Authority, well aware that this is the situation, is urging country dwellers not to go back too quickly. And it is quite possible that the US government will have on its hands for years many thousands of people forcibly removed from their homes because of greed and mass hysteria. It is sad to have the write these words, but they are the truth.

Perhaps hospitality in other sections of the country, or resignation to city life on the Coast, may liquidate this situation sooner than now seems likely. Americans, as individuals, can still help in the process.

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"The Present Discontents"

IT MAY or may not be true but it is said that whatever American soldiers are in Greece have been told to be neutral if by misfortune they should find themselves where the British and the Greeks are fighting. If the British are looking for the Greeks they must not tell the British where the Greeks are hiding; if the Greeks are looking for the British they must not tell the Greeks where the British have gone; they must not shoot the Greeks; they must not shoot the British. Thus, when the unpleasantness is over, they will come out of the cellar and say that they are for freedom of any people—except the Japanese and the German people—to determine what government they shall have; that they are also for the maintenance of order; that sometimes one of these principles seems more important than the other, and then they know what to do; but that sometimes it is hard to tell which is the more important, and then they do not know what to do. They leave others to do the doing. If a revolutionary is a good revolutionary, for the purpose of the war or for a promise of trade, then Americans will help him. If he is a bad revolutionary of course it is simple, there is no problem. But if we do not know whether he is a good or a bad revolutionary, we do not help him, we do not destroy him; we leave his fate to people who have made up their minds, and when everything is over our principles are there, and the facts—of life—fit them or they don't.

It is like the Commission for the Protection of Cultural Monuments; the Commission is still with us, the monuments are not.

So Mr. Stettinius said hands off Greece, Italy and Belgium and the British have not been keeping their hands off but that is all right because Mr. Stettinius has said what he had to say. For two weeks this page has been about Belgium, Italy and Greece. It has explained that Americans want these people to be happy, democratic, uninterfered with and free, but that also if General Eisenhower, the Combined General Staffs and the British want them at this present moment to be orderly—and therefore to postpone their social or governmental revolutions until an ulterior date—then that is all right too. Only we prefer that British soldiers, airplanes and tanks be used for the purpose of maintaining order, and it is better to have Mr. Churchill do all the necessary talking because some things we cannot say.

We are fighting the war magnificently and we have magnificent general principles about justice and the peace. We do not have to talk about the fighting because what we are doing is there for anyone to see; we are obliged to talk about justice and the peace because we really want the peace to be just, and also because we have a long tradition of talking about justice and peace anyway. So that both in action and in talk we are doing very well. Only there are certain matters we are not talking about. Things happen but we do not talk about them. We do not talk to the people who are making things happen. Look what has happened to Poland.

It should be clear by now that this discussion of American policy is not concerned with the merits of the disputes in which American policy has remained aloof. For the purpose of this discussion it is immaterial whether the Greek revolutionaries are right or wrong, whether the Poles or the Russians are right or wrong. American policy wants the Greeks, all the Greeks, happy and free, the Poles happy and free, the Russians contented. But American policy has been to hope that all this happiness and freedom would come by itself with victory. All by itself. With elections and plebiscites. The American hope has been that everything would wait upon victory, and that victory would impose the pattern —a pattern freely accepted—of happiness and freedom and order. So that when the question of Poland is settled, before we are ready even to discuss the question of Poland with the Russians or the Poles or the British, we are left once again all alone with our principles. And Mr. Churchill is left once again all alone with the facts.

It is not that we did not know what was going on. We knew the Russian claims and we never denied them. We saw the Russian armies advancing into Poland and, rightfully, our hearts rose with each mile they advanced. When the Russian armies and the Russian claims were joined together in Poland we left Mr. Churchill all alone to tell Parliament, and the British, the Polish, the American peoples, what the facts added up to. To say what had to be said. Mr. Churchill stood alone to speak the words we did not speak, to assume the responsibility we managed to evade, to take a decision we shirked.

"The President is aware of everything that has passed and of what is in the minds of the Russians and British. He had at Moscow in Mr. Averill Harriman a most accomplished representative in the capacity of observer and he was present at all or nearly all our Polish talks on the occasion of our last visit. The President, therefore, has been kept fully informed, not only by the British Government but also by his own highly competent and distinguished representative and by all the many sources and channels that are open to the unceasing vigilance of the State Department.

"I am particularly careful not ever to pretend to speak in the name of any other Power unless

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so directed beforehand and I hope the House will make allowance for the care with which I pick my words upon this point. All I can say is that I have received no formal disagreement during all these long months upon the way in which the future of Poland seems to be shaping itself, or is being shaped.

"There is no doubt that when the time comes the United States will make their own pronouncement upon these matters. . . ."

No formal agreement, "no formal disagreement," nothing. But of course there had to be a pronouncement. Afterward. After everything was finished. It came, of course. When everything was all over, another "hands off" proclamation came from the State Department. There had been the Greek one—very virtuous. This time the proclamation was not to tell other people what not to do; it told our own people what we had not done.

C. G. PAULDING.

Divine Masquerade

The Infant was sleeping
And watching His mother:
The fairest of the daughters of Israel.

He was seeing
Not her appearance
But her;
And not with His eyes
But with His love.

She was more beautiful than angels.
The music of her was sweeter,
The light of her brighter.

She reflected unclouded
His shining love for her.

She was luminous with love:
And her love's light contained His,
And yet was contained in His.

There was another light there.
It was part of her light,
And yet apart from it;
And still her light was part of it,
As both were part of the Child's.
And the three radiances were called
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Jesus was pleased with the others.

He would have spoken to them
With words too wise for utterance;
But He must not:
For He was an infant,
Sleeping.

He saw that they were sad.

He saw that they were sorrowful
In spite of their joy,
Because their love for Him
Was beating against a barrier.

They were man and woman,
And He was a sleeping infant:
And their loves for one another were imprisoned
In flesh and blood.

He longed to lift the veil
And show them love in its essence.
But He must not.
He must play His part to the end:
He must do what He had come to do.
He willed it:
His Father willed it:
The Spirit of Their Love willed it.

As Three and One
It was willed:
That He
With Them
And yet without Them
Was now a child of man.

He was the Infinite:
Finite.
The Boundless:
Bounded.
The Omnipotent:
Impotent.

He had timed the timeless.

He was on leave from eternity.

He had imprisoned Himself in himself.

He was born
Who has no beginning.
He was to die
Who has no end.
And here was the Ageless:
An infant.

So He watched His mother
And His foster-father
And did not speak His love:
For he was a baby
Sleeping.

He must not even say
That He was warm in the breath of the beasts
And content with the hay in the manger
And at peace in the light of their love.

JOSEPH BREIG.

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Planning for Farmers

Or how crop reduction increased production

Leo Camp

IF YOU look at pictures of the Palouse country fifty, even forty years ago, the farm buildings look bare and cramped, huddled up against the great empty hills, and the trees hardly come to the roof tops. All about stretched the wheat fields, black or green or yellow with the different seasons and in some places, only forty years ago, the bunch grass still grew, intermixed with flowers in the spring. Forty years ago the Indian trail from Spokane to Walla Walla was still clearly marked, worn deep with the sticks tied behind the horses to carry the Indians' tents and blankets.

At that time Palouse wheat still fed the industrial workers of England. Now some of the grandsons of the men who first homesteaded in the Palouse are just old enough to be subject to the draft. And the poplars, the tall, short-lived Lombardies which stand out like sentinels against the rolling hills, are just beginning to die. Only the famine in Europe and Russia makes a market for our wheat.

Thirty years ago, as early as that, the population of the Palouse began to decline and the farms to grow larger. Clumps of fir or poplar, a few lilacs and iris mark the innumerable places where a home stood in the days when almost every quarter section supported a family. Schoolhouses have emptied one by one until now there are no country schoolhouses anywhere in the Palouse. Likewise the old threshing machines have given way to combines which require, not twenty-five, but at most five men to operate. Grain pours into the elevators in the very hour in which it is cut; the large warehouse crew formerly needed to handle the sacks has been replaced by two men in the elevator. And there is much more grain, because tractors eat only gas and oil.

Farms today often run from 1,200 to 3,000 acres, but of these the farmer usually owns only a small part; rich doctors and bankers and a few old pioneers hold the rest. In fact, the farmer frequently has more money in machinery than in land. A tractor and a combine together cost over $7,000. A truck or two, a pick-up, pea-duster, grain-cleaner, disk, drill, mowers, plows and a few other odds and ends come to as much again. None of these can be used for longer than the natural season for planting, harvesting, or haying. Tractors and combines have to be replaced every three years, or repaired at great expense.

To make his machinery pay for itself the farmer must use it to the limit; he must, that is, use it throughout the natural seasons. Cooperative use of machinery would allow this without increasing the size of the farms but most of the farmers in the Palouse are post-Protestant individualists; those who try to use machinery together almost invariably fall out. Each man, therefore, hopes to be able to go it alone, and to do so he must squeeze out some of his neighbors in order to have enough land to justify his investment in tractor and combine. He must, because if he hires his cutting done, the costs are disproportionately high.

Those who are financially weak, who do not have a flair for machinery, or who are unlucky in their landlords lose out; they end up running street cars or working on the section gang or just living on relief. The successful farmer, on the other hand, comes to resemble the business manager of a large enterprise more and more. He develops a taste for cocktails; he owns a tux and holds a card to the Early Birds Club in Spokane. He has one or two children.

During the depression wheat fell to as low as twenty-five cents a bushel in the Palouse, and to save the farmer from complete destitution, the government stepped in to peg the price. To implement this, it paid the farmer (on different pretexts during and after the AAA) to reduce his acreage. Average acreage in wheat was computed and a certain percentage laid out of production, at first voluntarily and then by law. But this allotment ground could be used for other crops, so the farmer simply grew his hay on it, and restrained himself from cutting hay out of his wheat as he had usually done. In this way he nullified a good part of the crop reduction program.

At the same time the continuous and rapid enlargement of the farms increased the amount of grain produced *for the market*. The bigger the farm the fewer cattle kept; the big farmer also had fewer gardens, orchards and barnyards. That is to say, he had more land wholly given to grain production and he sold a larger proportion of what he did raise. He sold more because he sold nearly all of it. The result was that the percentage laid out of wheat cultivation by government ukase

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had to be increased every year until 1941, when, if I remember rightly, it reached 33 per cent. And to the immense surprise of the government planners, the total amount of wheat marketed also increased every year, except 1939.* In all this time the cost of the government subsidy to the farmers was rising; the more the taxpayer paid for the reduction of the crop, the more was produced.

By the allotment plan the government was in effect subsidizing the larger farmers. Government aid to the farmer was conceived wholly in terms of the cash crop. The farmer had to make the same assumption; to get the aid he had to compete in the mass production of wheat (or of peas, or whatever) too. If he made the best financial use of his land and machinery, that is to say if he worked over 1,200 acres, he would profit more. The larger the farm, the more allotment money to meet the heavy capital charges for machinery (since all farms up to a certain size need about the same amount of machinery). Mass production, the farmer learned, reduced costs while it increased production: the allotment program simplified the problem of financing such a large operation.

It must be admitted that the machinery developed for control of agricultural production has worked very well for the purposes of the war: it has been much easier to bribe the farmers into cooperating than the industrialists, since the farmers have long been accustomed to it. But the problem will appear in its original form when the war is over. The problem of decreasing production—and of finding jobs for the unemployed. The continuation of the old program for crop control must inevitably work against both of these, because in accelerating the enlargement of the farms it increases the total crop *marketed*—and it gives fewer jobs.

Only reduction in the size of the farms—which necessarily entails the cooperative use of machinery, diversified crops and greater home consumption—will reduce wheat production appreciably at the same time that it increases employment. The simple statistics-minded bureaucrat may not understand this, but the farmer who sees one home after another disappear under the plows of his more banker-like neighbors knows that something is wrong. The Lombardy poplars are not only dying; they are being pulled out because deserted farms need no wind-breaks.

If we must have planning, and it appears we must, it should be for farmers as well as for the market. Small farmers, men who would rather not go on relief. But this means that we need new planners at Washington, men who can plan for a way of life, as well as for the efficient production or (if it's any different) for the reduction of wheat crops.

*See Agricultural Statistics 1943, Department of Agriculture. Other factors than the size of the farms are responsible for this increase, of course. The ending of the drought, smut control and improved seed also increased the yield.

Carols without Jinny

Joe Dever

THEN THERE was the GI who pulled a gun on Jinny. The poor guy wanted to kill her because she didn't love him. He loved her more than her life and his own. He couldn't have her and he did not want to save his bullets and his hatred for the Japs. Being an MP he had access to a gun and some bullets. He was insanely in love with a beautiful girl who did not love him, so he had access to a black and maniacal passion which urged him to destroy.

She told me all about him in the Lowry Field Service Club one night.

It wasn't long till Christmas and I could not be home. I really felt like being with this lovely, intelligent girl.

She said this love-delirious guy was overseas now, she said that no one should ever love that way. She felt sorry for the guy, but she just didn't love anybody; she didn't want to love anybody that much. It just wasn't right, she said.

But it wasn't long till Christmas and I felt sorry for the guy.

Maybe I was afraid of what would happen to me. I was the fair-haired boy with Jinny then, and maybe I was selfishly afraid.

She was quite beautiful.

She was the kind of dark and comely American girl who could halt the breath in your throat if she looked at you a certain way. To an extent she was a humble girl. She knew she was not so strikingly beautiful if she looked at you head-on. If she knew you and liked you, she told you this was so, and she never looked at you or anybody else head-on.

Perhaps she should have kept looking head-on at that crazy guy who loved her so impossibly. I

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wish, too, that she had looked at me with the front of her face.

Anyway she talked that lethal GI romeo out of killing her. She was on her way to church that night and she talked him into going with her first. He went into church, he saw the lights, the statues and heard the organ. He broke down and whimpered like the big kid that he was and the next thing she heard of him he was going overseas.

Then she met me.

"I've a good deal for you," my little elfin friend the chaplain said.

"If it is another talk to the Ladies Aid Society Literary Committee," I remarked acidly, "I will deliver it in the Post Exchange over a bottle of Budweiser."

"No, this is really something," he said.

I gave talks once in a while to Sinclair-Lewis-club-women who badger the lives out of our good American Army chaplains in America.

I was Air Corps Unassigned attending armament school. In such a predicament they never let you out of camp nights unless your mother is dying. But I gave talks, and in return the chaplain eeled me by the guards who called him "Father," "Padre," and divers deferential mumbles. Perhaps they thought I was an altar boy, but anyway I walked out with him.

Well, the talk *was* something; it was Jinny.

I talked to a bunch of girls at a tea out in the Rocky Mountains one afternoon. They had a little old nuns' college there. I talked about some poets I knew in Boston, and Jinny was the chairman.

After the talk she rescued me from the boy-crazy college girls and the gracious nuns. She packed me off in her little green coupé and we drove all around the mountains until dusk.

There's a big road that winds down out of the mountains into Denver, where Jinny lived. When it's dark all around you, you can roll down out of the mountains into the myriad, shuttling mazdas that are Denver. You cannot see the mountains which are everywhere around you, but you can feel them. You can see a girl like Jinny and all the celestial wonder of the lights; you can feel the frightening majesty of the mountains, and even Air Corps Unassigned is very good at such a moment.

I had supper with Jinny that night, and when we were sitting in her little car just outside Lowry Field, I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her a long time. But you can spoil things that way on your first night out with a girl. I could see that her lips were as sweet as short-bread. Her wide, limpid blue eyes had a mist over them as if all this beautiful Rocky Mountain night had pained her. But I said so long to her, I told her I'd call her up some night, and I walked over to the gate and called the chaplain on the gatehouse phone.

Now I hope I am saying something for the guys who are Air Corps Unassigned, and who go wearily, interminably to armament schools, radio schools, and aviation mechanic schools. I hope I am saying something for them when I tell you that you sometimes simply exist on telephone calls. There would be so many lonely winter nights when I did not go out on talks or out on the one mid-week pass they so magnanimously bestowed upon us. I could bum a nickel about eight o'clock and go over to a block of telephone booths which was just outside Mess Hall No. 7.

This block of telephone booths was really a wonderful place. They give a girl like Jinny to you over the phone, when you were so lonely that her voice was like a hosannah from Sodom or Gomorrah. Also you loved these telephone booths for another reason.

Before me and my buddies started armament school a couple of acting non-coms used to come around in the middle of the bitter-cold nights and roll us rudely out of bed for 14 hours of k.p. They grabbed us this way only a few nights however. Me and my buddies moved down to the other end of the barracks. When we heard the k.p. Legrees coming, we jumped into our clothes and spent the rest of the night in the telephone block.

And then one night in the Service Club, when it wasn't long till Christmas, Jinny told me about the GI with the gun who wanted to get both his name and hers into the headlines of the *Denver Post*.

She frightened the hell out of me when she said she didn't love any guy, and she didn't want love, if that's the way you get.

I didn't say anything externally to her, but internally I said a very great deal. Inside myself I asked in a loud voice what the hell she was fooling around with me for, and I said stay away from her from now on, if it's the last thing you do.

It hurt me very much not to phone her during the bitter, cold and lonely Lowry nights. I missed her little green car, the way she looked at me from exquisite angles. I missed the kisses she was beginning to give me and the hot lemonades she always made me just before I went back to camp at night.

I looked at the fancy garters she had made me buy, at my new civilian shoes which I purchased because she did not like me to wear my GI's to dances and cocktail lounges. I looked at these things one night during the damnable monotony of after-supper in the barracks; I thought of that poor sobbing bugger who wanted to blow all kinds of brains out, and I determined never to see her again.

On my day off, I made good my set of will and stayed away from her. I went up to the mountains, rented a room, and wrote letters all that day. I read part of a book, too. For a while, also, I lay on the bed in that room, stared at the ceiling, and called myself the vilest names.

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The next day after school, I went over to the squadron mail room and picked up a letter. It was from Jinny.

"Where were you? What had happened? You might at least have called."

All that stuff, the stuff that sounds so genuine and convinces you that she gives a decent damn for you. She was so cute and so clever. For up in the left hand corner of her stationery was a nickel, stuck there with a thin, firm strip of adhesive tape.

"Use this, little sulky soldier boy," was what some pencil marks said underneath the nickel.

Yes, I used it. What could I do? And when she invited me to spend Christmas weekend at her home, I melted completely.

There were the Carols that Christmas, and there was Jinny and goodwill to all living, dead and unborn human beings. There was Jinny and her girl friends singing carols at the Midnight Mass in the chapel of a big Army hospital.

The chaplain at that hospital was a regular joe. We arrived about an hour before the Mass and he took us into a gaily decorated room where there was a punch bowl.

Jinny and all the girls were very social. They chattered like popinjays at the chaplain and I had a few quick ones at the bowl. There was a second lieutenant there and he gave me considerable competition. He was from a town right next to my home town, and I kept on nodding recognition at all the names of people he was mentioning.

Then Jinny and the girls had one.

"I'll have one, too," I said.

"One!" was all Jinny said, running her voice meaningfully up and down the scale.

I thought then she was beginning to fall in love with me. They'll let you get plastered if they don't love you, but if they're thinking of cottages and babies then roll out that water wagon, buddy.

My neighboring townsman, the second looey, took quite a shine to Jinny, as many another dashing young shavetail had done before him. He didn't know that one about not kissing them the first night, and when he maneuvered her under a piece of mistletoe, she froze up on him so violently that his shoulder bars took on a tracery of hoar frost.

"That's a nice girl you've got there," he said to me awkwardly, after sidling back to the punch bowl.

"Glad you like her," I said woodenly.

But "come all ye faithful," she sang in the chapel with the other girls. "Joyful and triumphant" her very soft, sweet voice lilted out among the other soft, sweet voices which sang at the Midnight Mass.

I knew I was faithful and, therefore, I suppose I should have been joyful and triumphant. But that other guy was faithful, too. He worshipped that girl, whose favorite I was, and he was not joyful and triumphant.

"But, Jesus Christ," I prayed, "Jesus Christ Who was born on this night, and Who brought peace to a world which has flung that peace away, maybe I am the guy, maybe he just wasn't the right guy, that's all."

And "hark, the herald angels sing," this beautiful dark angel sang with a lovely, averted face. And I loved her that moment as much as the guy with the gun ever did, I loved her and I knew that even if I could not have her, not a hair of her lovely head would I ever want to harm.

Just for an infinitesimal part of time only, on that night when every God-fearing, God-loving soldier, no matter where he is, or what he is, should have peace in his heart, on "night, ny-ight divine, oh holy night when Christ was born," I thought of that wretch who pulled the gun on Jinny and just for an infinitestimal part of time, I could have pulled a gun on him.

Then Christmas and the ringing of the Sanctus bell at Mass swept murder and hatred purgingly from my heart. Soon it was all over and I went down to the back of the chapel and told them how wonderful they were; and you, Jinny, you were very wonderful, too.

There was the little green car on Christmas Eve beneath the immense, cold diamond-crust of Rocky Mountain sky. There was that beautiful and arrogant girl long in my longing arms, and the dull grey sky of winter morning.

This year I am again at Lowry, and again, it is not long till Christmas. They sent me down to Texas for a while and when I returned to Lowry for another monotony of advanced armament school, the buried dread of my life and days with Jinny became the bitter reality which smart-alecks knowingly refer to as the "brush-off."

When Christmas comes to the Rocky Mountains again, I will think of the guy who is overseas and of how his heart is breaking for someone he can never have. I will kneel at the Mass on Christmas Eve and pray for him and for all who have known unjustly the dry constriction of the heart. I will listen to the carols and I will think they are very beautiful, even without Jinny.

Roar of Sea on the Plains

To you belongs the right indisputable
to what I am, for once having given
I am bound by reins perennial;
bound by a dream, an infinite wish of fire
and water to you without whom there can be no hope of
completeness.
I am a vessel, empty, sere,
remembering your warmth, remembering your richness.
(Smell of Spring in the Winter, roar of sea on the plains)
remembering until my shadow falls apart
alone in a lonely, parching sun.

M. F. Myser.

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Communications

"BUILT IN USA"

Alhambra, Cal.

TO the Editors: The December 1, 1944, issue of THE COMMONWEAL publishes a review "Built in USA—1932-1944," published by the Museum of Modern Art. It is cause for regret that this review had not a broader base, for the reason that Catholic Church design would gain much from a proper appreciation of the contemporary architectural movement.

The difficulty, after seeing an evidently disappointing show, of separately considering the book was undoubtedly too great; it was rather surprising that disappointment should poke up the quiet ashes of the American romantic painting exhibition, a subject far away in time and worlds distant from this book.

Granted that "the international show was a challenge," it is regretted that it has not had more influence in the USA. This book mentions the stubborn obstacles placed in the path of American contemporary architecture. Could this kind of review be considered one of these? A better selection of native work might have been made out of the small total worthy of consideration. It should be remembered that the contemporary architectural movement is young; it is feeling its way up, groping toward the light. A growth spectacular in view of adverse conditions is evident. It is regrettable that the review was not more visibly appreciative of this. Should a young tree, alone in the orchard in promise of rich bearing of fruit at maturity, be wantonly trampled?

To allay the fears of a "period of decline" in American architecture, the fact must be honestly faced that American architecture viewed coldly in the light of generally accepted design principles has nothing to decline from. It is down. It has never been up since the World's Fair of 1893. It is only now making noble but feeble attempts to rise. About McKim, Mead and White of the '90's and the errors of those dark days, silence is kindest. Let us be assured that these errors will not be repeated.

In the book's 128 pages two paragraphs with a total of 15 lines mention democracy four times. Can that be "a good deal of talk"? Louis Sullivan and the editor of this book are not far apart when she says: "There must be occasional buildings which raise the every-day casualness of living to a higher and more ceremonial plane, buildings which give dignified and coherent form to that interdependence of the individual and the social group which is of the very nature of our democracy."

Technically trained readers would see little hint of the "matter of memorizing a formula" in Saarinen's Crow Island School, Winnetka, Illinois, in the Reception building of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and in the Museum of Modern Art's own building. In some of the buildings there is hint of a common formula; but is it not productive of sounder design than the formulae of the last hundred years?

This review may unintentionally discredit the little good that has been gained at such high cost in this country. Since Catholic church architecture is currently so poor, the imparting of a wrong impression of contemporary architecture to Catholic readers would be unfortunate.

To those who appreciatively know both—the Church and contemporary architecture—they have much in common. True contemporary architecture could lead church design up and out of its depressingly sad state.

LAWRENCE E. MAWN, A.I.A.

The Stage & Screen

Dear Ruth

A TRIED formula business, this is still a smooth affair and judging by reports and the sound of last Thursday's house, it has hit Forty-Third Street directly in the midst. The conventional female *problem* adolescent motivates Norman Krasna's script and here is pictured as a large not stupid sixteen-year-old who is given to writing overseas letters to America's Men, and signing her elder sister's name. As may be imagined this involves discovery, an irate fiancé, an amorous and expectant young soldier, a nervous family household, more discovery, a broken-hearted young soldier, and more discovery, and more discovery, finally leading to a somehow happy ending with one of the best curtains of the season. As the Child Terrible, Lenore Lonergan, experienced at this sort of thing, is quite simply as funny as possible. The entire cast is good with particular commends to Howard Smith as the Father and Bartlett Robinson as the successless civilian. Disappointingly, I don't think Virginia Gilmore, in the rôle of the Sister, holds the stage. In some way, she comes off blank, although pretty, and her diction is somewhat sibilant. Moss Hart's direction is fine for pace and business but at one point during the works he and his designer, Frederick Fox, strangely jumbled the action, setting their dining-room and kitchen in regions inaccessible to each other and evidently sending the food for a crucial luncheon around through the neighbor's backyard. Nevertheless, and with the originality customary to this column, I think this should be listed as a *must* for the parents of the land. (*At the Henry Miller.*)

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Little Women

PARALLEL with last year's "Our Town," it seems to me the Center entirely serves its best purpose with such neat revivals as this holiday one of the Louisa M. Alcott classic. The piece is beautifully staged by Jessie Royce Landis, voice projection is entirely natural, and, although mounted and dressed out of stock, the familiar story is throughout presented with taste. I think the acting is fine and sensitive. The four girls, played by Mary Welch, Margot Stevenson, Susanna Garnet and Frances Reid, turn in varied and absorbing interpretations, and the young character actor, David Lewis, does a notable job with old Mr. March. It should be seen. (*At the City Center.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Crazy Over Horses

LITTLE did I think when I read Enid Bagnold's charming novel in 1935 that it would one day be made into a movie. And little did I think when I heard that *"National Velvet"* was being filmed that it would make such a good movie. Scriptwriters Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch have dropped a few characters and have tightened the plot to increase dramatic emphasis, but they have retained the warm spirit and thoroughly delightful characterizations of the original story.

"National Velvet" is a movie about a girl of great faith; she is also wacky over horses; when she falls into a reverie about them or almost any subject her face goes all alight; and her mother predicts that she'll grow up to be a poet or a prophet. The movie is also about her family, as refreshing and unconventional a group as has been around in a long time. There are the wise father (Donald Crisp) and infinitely wiser mother (Anne Revere) who formally call each other Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown, but who have for each other and their family an ardent and understanding love. Besides Velvet (Elizabeth Taylor), the horsey one, there are two older girls, Edwina (Angela Lansbury) who is suddenly becoming more than a little interested in boys, and Malvolia (Juanita Quigley) whose hobby is canaries. And there is a very young son (Jackie Jenkins) who collects insects in a bottle and tells stories that are whoppers. He, like everyone else in this family, is an individualist and is respected as such. To this assorted and slightly screwy group comes Mi (Mickey Rooney), a former jockey, a wanderer who has inherited from his pa all the roads in England. He also inherited, but doesn't know it, the interest of Mrs. Brown who years ago was trained by Mi's father when she swam the Channel. Mi is taken in by the family, works as an assistant in Mr. Brown's butcher shop, and is adored by Velvet when she isn't too busy dreaming about horses; and even then he somehow gets all mixed up in her equine fancies.

This somewhat fantastic tale takes place during the 1920's in a kind of storybook village by the sea. British people who see the film won't mind its good-natured kidding too much, because an English author thought most of it up in the first place, and the picture has none of the serious pretentions of "Mrs. Miniver" or "The White Cliffs." Pandro Berman has given it a beautiful production with an excellent cast who portray people in general more than Englishmen in particular. Technicolor, a little too bright and showy in the interior scenes, adds a great deal to the stunning shots of the countryside and the colorful race track at Aintree. This gay color fits the holiday mood of the film's theme. The story, designed to entertain more than instruct, succeeds on both scores. High-spirited Velvet wins a horse on a raffle, trains him and cares for him with the help of Mi (who really does most of the work), enters him in the Grand National, and then rides him herself. The sequences of the training and the big race itself are as thrilling as any you've seen in the movies—even though you are quite certain who will win. The important thing about this film's heroine is not that she becomes National Velvet, but that the girl has magnanimity; and her character is unspoiled even by winning "the greatest race on earth." Mrs. Brown deserves much of the credit for this: Mrs. Brown who believes that everyone should have a chance at a breathtaking bit of folly, the same Mrs. Brown who knows people and life, who persuades her husband into accepting the shifty, questionable Mi with the argument, "What's the meaning of goodness if there isn't a little badness to overcome?" So Velvet wins the race and remains unchanged; even a glittering offer from Hollywood can't tempt her.

And after the excitement is over, you know that the Browns are taking the whole thing in their stride and will soon settle down again to being the harum-scarum and gratifying family they were in the first place. Enid Bagnold's novel rates much of the applause that this film will win. But everyone connected with the film should get a hand. Clarence Brown, who directed a cast portraying Americans in Saroyan's story "The Human Comedy," has directed this cast with the same loving care. Elizabeth Taylor is a delight as the dreamy Velvet who proves so practical with horses. Mickey Rooney, without many of his mannerisms, turns in a performance that it outstanding for its restraint and simplicity. The entire cast is good, but it is Anne Revere (long remembered as the mother in "Bernadette") who radiates as the strongest and most vital character in this picture. Moviegoers looking for entertainment during this holiday season will have a hard time to find a more glowing account of humanity than is offered in "National Velvet." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Edward Bellamy

FRANCIS DOWNING

WE SEEM to be going in for revivals with the élite ecstasy of cultists. The critical restoration of E. M. Forster and the new worship of Henry James are the most recent instances. Apparently unpregnant knees find need of genuflection. Eyes that have not been hurt want to cry, and mouths that have reviled want to pray. I hope that these new discoverers of the old do not discover God. For they will make Him a "pale Galilean" and write fragile essays about His *style*.

It was in this mood that I began to read Mr. Morgan's

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new book on Edward Bellamy.* For I had every reason to suspect that here would be a new priest incanting before an old god. I did not believe that the winter of my discontents could be dissolved by nineteenth century novelists, or my social skepticisms yield to utopian dogma.

But what I found was that a serene and detached mind had written about Edward Bellamy; a critic, not a partisan, had made this remarkable book. The result is that Mr. Morgan has given us the most important critical study of an American since Joseph Dorfman's "Thorsten Veblen."

It might be said that Edward Bellamy, his life and therefore his ideas were the result of the attrition involved in religious conflict. Because he possessed a mind he was unable to accept the central, controlling ideas of Calvinism. It is ironic that Bellamy all his life rejected what he regarded as the iron past that held us hostage. He tried to write his own statute of mortmain. It is ironic because it shows the long survival of the Protestant Reformation in America, and the slow, difficult unsealing of the mental frost in order that the dark, held waters of thought might flow again cool and clear and flower-margined. And such revolt put Edward Bellamy with the true revolutionists of America from Paine and Jefferson to Theodore Parker and Lincoln.

But Bellamy was unable to reject religion altogether. And that fact is as significant as his revolt. For whatever each of us rejects or remakes or keeps in his religious rebellion, he tends to put upon all men—thinking that the history of the ways of his own soul is the history of the souls of all men. It is more difficult to think that we are different from others than it is to throw away our lives. If there are many things in Bellamy's social philosophy that we reject, we reject them, I think, because of this deep urge of his to identification.

Bellamy's life was a series of revolts against man's own compulsions. And in shaping a new religion for himself he shaped one—absolute and monolithic—for everyone else. He called it the Religion of Solidarity. It is central to his utopia. It broods over his projected state like an omnipresence in the sky. In fact he was attacked by some because his utopia allowed for religion; and by others because religion, as Henry George put it, was the only force competent to make men act as Bellamy expected them to act. I think that George's criticism went nearer to the bone than that of any other that has been made.

But once this has been said it is necessary to say that Bellamy's inarticulate major premise was different from that of his contemporaries. For him the "economic man" had no meaning. Bellamy had exorcised him long before we got around to it. Harold Laski has recently claimed that communism is religious in character, and that it provides the only basis for a modern faith which Christianity can no longer supply, and that it alone is capable of exciting the zeal once given by Christianity to, let us say, the Jesuits. I take note of it here merely to reinforce the point that Bellamy's ends could not be satisfied by satisfying economic ends alone, but when the kind of state he visioned could challenge the whole heart and the whole mind and spirit of all who would make it up. This Bellamy knew in spite of phrases like that which ran: religion is the opiate of the people. He was characteristically American in that—a fact which many labor leaders and much of our socialist movement have ignored.

Even this increased the irony of Bellamy's life. For Bellamy died in the odor of belief. It was a belief not merely that he had found a way but that it was *the* way. The tolerant, sensitive man had unconsciously become a dogmatist, not only because he was a zealot but because he was an American. He died believing in the miracle of America—the myth that whatever it put its hand to would, like things touched by Midas, turn to gold, political and economic and social gold. He reckoned without the fundamental conservatism of Americans. His good fortune was that he died before faith could be soiled by disillusion. The Presbyterian who had resented the idea of predestinate evil died believing he had almost removed evil altogether. He died before he knew that men in fever often stumble when they try to run.

This is one side of Edward Bellamy. But another is that because he was able to reject the doctrine of innate depravity, he knew that tragedy in human affairs could be ascribed to men—to causes subject to the controls of men. The result is that he did more than dream another utopia. The result is that his book was read with hope and not with mere evocation of nostalgia. The consequence is that "Looking Backward" was written with a great deal of maturity and wisdom; was written with an access of imagination commonly regarded as the property of poets and great novelists. The revolt from Calvinism made possible this hope. Thus "Looking Backward" is the climax of Bellamy's war against the soul-confining compulsions of men.

Edward Bellamy had a polygonal mind. "Looking Backward" revealed only a part of it. While Mr. Morgan claims too much for him at times, it is true that Bellamy as a writer of the haunted story may have come to rival Hawthorne. His mind was not tethered but ranged widely. He seems to have had flashes of the knowledge, or at any rate, of the prefigurations of psychoanalysis. He seems to have given us hints of the behaviorist actions of men. It is likely that much of our subliminal ways of thinking, plumbed by Freud, might have been earlier discovered by Bellamy had he followed up some of his surmises.

It is not likely that the kind of society he visioned will be ours. Yet these things, at least, are true: he gave America a basis of social and economic comparison that it needed. In its smugness it regarded itself as good because it was better than most. Bellamy furnished it with an ideal and a dynamic for it—that there was "a whole infinity beyond" the kind of culture and society we had. An enormous difference in our society might have been made—to some extent now realized through the labor movement—if Bellamy's honest criticism had been more deeply received. We lived in verbal myth. We alleged that men were equal and allowed disparities in wealth to accumulate. We did not realize—as he did—and would

*Edward Bellamy. Arthur Morgan. Columbia. $5.00.

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not learn the relation of equality to freedom; that men are not free to contract when one of the parties possesses greater economic power. He had discovered the nakedness of the emperor. And not the least of his value and importance and influence was that he was American: his dream was a native dream, and from its means and from its end he excluded the theory of class conflict, of violence, and that morality was related to economic exploitation.

Watkin's Esthetic

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

HERE is the most important book,* in its special field, that I expect to read this year, or perhaps in some years to come. Its field, I hasten to add, is the religious-esthetic, or (to employ a recurrent term of its author) that of religion-culture. Needless to say, the "winter" of the modern world has made a business of separating the twain which the gods of every time have joined together; the religious tree has been denuded of its cultural branches, and the pundits, esthetes and humanists have had a jolly time in weaving garlands of the latter, which is the principal reasons why the boughs have faded and decayed so quickly. But Mr. Watkin, and every rational man, Catholic or otherwise, knows better. "The culture and art of the ancient world were indelibly stamped with the pagan religion which had inspired them and which they served." Or, as dear Claude Renoir put it, recorded by his Boswell, Ambroise Vollard: "The ancient associated their art with divinity. God is always there; man does not count. . . . Modern man in his pride has rejected that collaboration which diminishes him in his own eyes." (*Vide* Wells's "Outline of History.") "He has refused God, and lacking God, he has refused happiness."

This is far from being a simple book to review adequately in a brief space, in a manner to do some justice to its great breadth and profundity of spirit. Perhaps the best one can do, at outset, is to attempt to state Mr. Wakin's major thesis, postulated in so masterly a manner in his first chapter ("The Classical Autumn; the Christian Spring"), reaching a climax in the long chapter on another golden autumn, that of the Baroque; and attaining a conclusion in a final chapter on the Modern World.

In the first chapter on the primitive Church of the third and fourth centuries, Mr. Watkin postulates a thesis and antithesis, while suggesting a synthesis of the two. The thesis is the vertical movement of the Christian mind from its own fallen humanity up to God, best viewed, perhaps, and despite his profound Latin culture, in Saint Augustin. The antithesis is a horizontal movement wherein the Christian mind, never forsaking the Christian center: i.e. the relationship with God through Christ, expands on one side and the other, in order to embrace the Greco-Latin culture of which the Christian mind was the natural inheritor after the age of persecution was completed. The two tendencies are always potentially rival ones, of course, but not necessarily so, and not forever. Thus the vertical Puritanism of the early Church could not be deflected by the pagan culture, since it was fighting for its bare existence with the pagan state. Thus the High Renaissance was a virtual invasion by the horizontal of the vertical Christian tree, just as a luxuriant ivy can seem to overwhelm a wall or an ancient trunk. But the early Middle Ages witnessed a certain synthesis of the two tendencies, and (according to our author) the sixteenth and seventeenth Age of Baroque saw a veritable flowering of the two together. In the modern world, as I have suggested, the two have been put asunder. Yet the primitive Saint Paul was a pioneer of the synthesis; wrote, in Mr. Watkin's words, the charter of Christian humanism, in the famous passage: "All that is true, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is *beautiful*—let these things fill your hearts."

And turning from thesis to style, one cannot admire sufficiently the general quality of Mr. Watkin's prose. The organization of that magistral first chapter (in this respect, at least, superior to the others) may remind the reader of a beautiful and forgotten book by Emile Gebhart, "L'Italie Mystique." The theme of each paragraph, what elementary grammarians call, with necessary pedantry, the "topic sentence," is first stated with great clarity and nobleness, and then succeeded by testimentary support in the form of quotations from such sources as the Shepherd of Hermas (translated by Kirsopp Lake). Blessed Jordan of Saxony, Joachim of Flora, Fortunatus, and the Platonist Capuchin, Yves de Paris. Mr. Watkin has even unearthed an independent minister, Thomas Goodwin, one of Cromwell's chaplains, who wrote a treatise on devotion to Jesus strikingly suggestive of the contemporary Catholic *cultus* of the Sacred Heart.

★

Mr. Watkin's glorification of the Baroque and Jesuit spirit in art is, certainly, in the esthetic spirit of our time, but will not greatly please a large number of contemporary Catholic esthetes (including more than one professional architect) who still think they are living in the times of Pugin and Ruskin. Perhaps it would be just as well to present his preference in his own suggestive words. "I have dwelt at length on Baroque for several reasons. Its merit is largely unrecognized and, even more, its nature as the heir and the continuation of Gothic. *I love it.* . . . It will teach us how to be free without being lawless, to be humanist without being secular, to rise high yet range far, to live a life hid with Christ in God, yet regard no human interest as alien." These striking lines are an expression of what their author calls the "synthesis" of the two oppositions, the two ideals, human and divine (already synthesized by the Incarnation), and they come very close to summarizing the subject of the entire book.

The latter, of course, is headed by an English *imprimatur,* and contains, needless to add, no theological heresies, save for that type of English and American Catholic who will never read it anyway, since it has taken a solemn vow

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* *Catholic Art and Culture. By Edward Ingram Watkin. Sheed. Illustrated.* $4.50.

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never to read a genuine book till the consummation of time. But it does, it seems to me, contain a certain number of "heresies" from the standpoint of the fine arts. Speaking of the art of the Italian Renaissance, from Giotto onward, Mr. Watkin writes: "Never again could the human form be the athletic animal which the Greek sculptors had portrayed." One might recommend that Mr. Watkin re-read Pater's chapter, "The Age of Athletic Prizemen," in his "Greek Studies," for a different view of those athletic animals. Moreover, if he is tempted to examine a genuine sample of the athletic animal in art, he has only to regard again that Risen Christ of the Minerva by his favorite Michelangelo. We believe that Mr. Watkin is as unfortunate in selecting that great artist as a supreme example of the Christian synthesis as he is in considering Beethoven one of the classical temper in music. For him the Creation of Man, one of the Sistine Chapel frescoes, is the climactic Christian painting, just as the Baroque period it anticipates is the climactic Christian age . . . "the greatest religious picture in the world." It may be so, just as Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* may be the greatest religious music in the world; but what about some of the other Sistine frescoes, the *ignudi,* for instance? These are not mere athletes, according to our author, not "the healthy animals of Praxitales, Polykleitos and Myson [*sic!*]" because "they attend on prophets and sibyls proclaiming the mysteries of God." Really, Mr. Watkin must advance a better reason than that for attesting the Christian spirituality of the nude young men who cluster about the Old Testament pageant of the Sistine ceiling. Marcel Brion was nearer the fact when he wrote in his study of Michaelangelo: "These adolescents, who represent physical perfection and the joy of life, have no real place in the Sistine. Greece makes an unexpected reappearance in the austere Palestinian landscape of rock and sand, recalling the wrestling school and the banks of the Illisus; and it astonishes us to discover here human beings untroubled by any spiritual anguish, and radiating a serenity of matter thoroughly integrated and fulfilled." If this be a synthesis, it does not sound much like the Watkin one.

The modern Catholic standpoint regarding such works of art, as Mr. Watkin himself admits later, is too often represented by that Counter-Reformation official who had trousers painted on these very figures, or the Vicomte de Rochefoucauld, during the Restoration, who went about sticking fig-leaves on the statues in the Louvre. The modern French Catholic is a particularly repulsive prude in such matters; and it was, unquestionably, of the modern French Catholic that Antole France observed, when somebody protested that, after all, Christians were thrown to the lions for their faith: "Madame, they did not throw enough of them."

Mr. Watkin believes that "neither Michelangelo, nor any other artist, has given us a truly satisfying Christ." For devotion, he prefers the beardless and muscular Shepherd of the catacombs, or rather of the Lateran Museum. These things are matters of personal taste, and a truly satisfying Christ in art is a large order to fill, but we still feel Mr. Watkin to be somewhat dogmatic in ignoring Masaccio's Christ of "The Tribune Money," Francesca's Christ of the San Sepolchro "Resurrection," and Mantegna's Christ of the Louvre "Crucifixion."

Yet (we repeat) these are matters of opinion, and it would be captious indeed to dwell more on them in appraising a book so lucid, suggestive and noble. Its author is no mere medievalist, no Romantic neo-Catholic, no Chateaubriand (for he often writes better than the Vicomte), no *Baroquist,* even, if we may be forgiven the barbarous word. He is no enemy to the modern world either, but he knows, like any other rational man of good will, that the modern world has lost its synthesis, and that it needs one badly. An illustration in Otto Venne's *Emblemata Divine Amoris* gives the key to this most notable book, and we cite it in Mr. Watkin's own words. "It portrays Augustin's two cities, the diabolic one built by self-love, and the heavenly city of God built by charity. The latter is depicted as a city whose central figure is a Baroque church. The city of an evil humanism sprawls over the plain . . . and its central object is a huge blast-furnace belching flame. In front of its gate is a cupid embracing the globe."

Editors' Choice

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET. *Elizabeth Goudge. Coward.* $3.00.
SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Joseph Wood Krutch. Holt.* $3.75.

Storyteller in Form

READERS who are not particularly taken with the ordinary historical novel of these latter days can muster plenty of reasons. One is the overemphasis on fidelity to the stage effects of a period at all hazards; the creation of authentic atmosphere often based on considerable research becomes more important than bringing to life the men and women who breathe it. And in this the historical novel is kin to the modern play and the contemporary dramatist's insistence on making environment the hero of the piece. Furthermore if a novelist has something to say, some illuminating comment to contribute on human nature, for instance, there is seldom need of going back to a century long dead, or flying off to a land where the manner of living has long since changed, to find the occasion. Such a journey does in fact deliver a writer from the necessity of making any pertinent observations about our time or things timeless. Whether or not his own ideas are sadly limited, he himself is an escapist and his many readers are usually hoping to escape with him for as long as he can cast his spell. Yet, historical as it is, disgruntled reactions such as these are not what the current leading best seller, Elizabeth Goudge's "Green Dolphin Street," induces.

It is hard to say whether this is because of the principal characters or simply the story. Certainly the two sisters, Marguerite and Marianne, who are first introduced when they are 11 and 16 respectively, provide a fascinating human study from the very beginning. Marguerite, in fact, could hardly be more appealing as a spectacle of youthful beauty or as a lifelong sunny child of nature. Hapless William Ozanne, the object of their affections, does not stand out half so clearly, but there are a number of other memorable characters.

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Miss Goudge is preeminent in the story-teller's art. Her account of the morning on which William and Marianne rowed out to visit Captain O'Hara's sailing vessel, which had anchored in the harbor of their little Channel island, has about it all the feeling of a world-shaking adventure. So that when she comes to telling about the attack upon William and Marianne and a few other white settlers—by a horde of aroused New Zealand Maoris on the other side of the globe—she holds her readers spellbound. There are good pictures of pioneering in Australia and New Zealand, convent life, and life on a French channel island a century ago. A piquant element, which will arouse strong indignation in many a reader's breast, is the determination with which the less attractive Marianne goes about taking William from her sister, to whom he was most strongly attracted in every way. From any angle "Green Dolphin Street" is a thoroughly absorbing story.

Lexicographer

MR. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH has presented the reading public with as fine a Christmas present as it could want in his altogether admirable biography of Samuel Johnson. What Mr. Krutch has done is what biographers often attempt but very rarely succeed in doing—he has exhaustively studied a truly vast literature on his subject and has succeeded in distilling from his studies a living portrait which is at the same time as truthful a picture as one man can make of another who lived two centuries ago. Of course there will be differences in interpretation. Some critics have already detected a bias against Boswell in "Samuel Johnson." But if there is any such bias, it peeks through despite truly conscientious efforts to overcome it. What Mr. Krutch has preeminently done is to preserve his integrity, to strive honestly for an honest result.

Of course it is almost impossible to be dull if you are writing the life of Samuel Johnson. His neatness of wit and his mastery of phrase were so notable and remain so appealing that you have only to quote him and you enliven a page—assuming that you quote what is best and forget what is worst. Although even the worst of Johnson's paragraphs is so well-designed, so full of artistry that our generation has little call to sneer at it. Then, too, Johnson's own life, in the sense of his association, his daily routine, his friends, contains so much that is startling and unusual and novel that it cannot fail to arouse interest. The extraordinary Bohemian menage—one is tempted to say menagerie—in which he lived is by itself charming and arresting. He seems to have been willing to share his often very narrow means with any waif or stray who happened along, and although occasionally he seems to have fled their company and himself invaded the homes of his friends—particularly the home of the Thrales—he invariably went back to the waifs and strays at least once a week.

But the picturesque aspect of Dr. Johnson is far from being the most consequential thing about him. He was far more than a learned clown—he was a man who thought deeply and rationally, and if occasionally his thought does not precisely tally with our own, that is no reason for dismissing it. We must always remember that the good and the bad of romanticism was only beginning to develop toward the end of his lifetime; and that good and that bad affect our own intellectual climate far more than we ordinarily realize. Johnson is the supreme exponent of common sense. To him this was the universal touchstone. And by common sense Western European man meant something which seems intangible but which you can recognize at once when you encounter it. Above all it insisted upon a healthy respect for physical realities. The moonstruck it had no use for. And hence it excluded a whole vast area of esthetic and religious experience. Anything approaching mysticism it generally viewed as cant. And cant it detested wholeheartedly. This detestation is something which our generation could well take to heart, for we are ridden with cant. Yet we have also enriched our intellectual lives by achieving a proper respect for the moonstruck—often a respect which goes too far and is therefore improper. And the modern temper is also reasonably respectful of religious mysticism. We have something to learn from Dr. Johnson, but in learning it we must make use of a common sense of our own, and not do what romanticism did—go from frying pan into fire.

More Books of the Week

Escape via Berlin. Jose Antonio de Aguirre. Macmillan. $3.00.

THERE HAS been a wide variety of ways of escaping from the hands of the Germans in the countries occupied by their armies; and thousands and thousands of Europeans had the good fortune to succeed in escaping, although a much greater number failed in the attempt, or were not even able to make it. But there is no question that the least usual road for getting out of danger is to rush to meet it and even to plunge into it up to the neck, as the author of this book, led by his sure instinct and under the pressure of circumstances, did for more than a year after the invasion of Belgium. The simple narrative of his stirring odyssey across Belgium, Germany and Sweden until he reached the hospitable lands of the American Continent derives its great interest not only from the testimony itself but also from the exceptional quality of the witness.

Señor Aguirre is no ordinary traveler nor is his adventure similar to that of so many others told by refugees. The man who took refuge from the Germans by fleeing to . . . Berlin and succeeded in fooling the Gestapo by maintaining a false personality which he had patiently built up with the help of God and some providential friends, was well known by the nazis as a determined enemy of theirs and of every kind of fascism. Catholic and democrat, Señor Aguirre had displayed throughout the Spanish Civil War unfaltering opposition in the bloody and unequal struggle against the troops of Franco and against the German and Italian forces which were helping him to overpower all the provinces which were hostile to the Caudillo. And he had done so from the very first in that enchanting Basque region where Aguirre exercised the political leadership to which he had been elected according to the statute of autonomy constitutionally granted to the Basques of Spain by the Cortes of the Republic. Incidentally and to be faithful to the truth, we must correct the inexact title which the publisher attributes to the author, "President of the Basque Republic," since that Republic never existed and could not be, as the publisher claims, "an ally of the Spanish Republic"; for that would be the same as maintaining that Massa-

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chusetts is an ally of the United States in the present war. Señor Aguirre was president of the regional autonomous government of the Basque country within the institutional framework of the Spanish Republic, without the autonomy of that region (or that of Catalonia) implying total independence or full sovereignty. An error of the same tenor appears on page 48 where the Basque country is declared to lie "between Spain and France" instead of saying, as the original Spanish edition did, that the Basques were divided between two countries, some belonging to Spain and others to France. It was the Basques of Spain, the great majority of whom upheld the cause of the Spanish Republic—which was at the same time a defense of their autonomous liberties—against the Franco insurrection which was to destroy that cause and those liberties.

Señor Aguirre was able to observe at first hand the fall of Belgium and the situation in Germany in 1941. He was able, without being recognized, thanks to identity papers of a citizen of Panama, to see and note down many interesting details; and even to have occasional involuntary contacts with representatives of Franco who thought he was in England or in Mexico. The essentially tragic character of his experience has produced certain comic aspects of considerable ironic force. Nevertheless Aguirre under the guise of the accidental personality which he had assumed never forgot who he was nor what he represented. His observations on the situation and the future of Europe now achieve, from a distance, a genuine perspective in time and in space. His hopes have never flagged even in the most desperate situations. He landed in America with these hopes undiminished. His book, which is filled with noteworthy personal experiences, is above all the unshakable testimony of a man who has been proved by adversity. It bears witness to his confidence in God, in human goodness (even in the face of the extreme demonstrations of wickedness and cruelty which the present world offers) and in the destiny of the peoples struggling for freedom.

ALFREDO MENDIZABAL.

China to Me. Emily Hahn. Doubleday. $3.00.

THE REVIEWS of this book in the secular press seem to me a strange and almost incomprehensible phenomenon. In almost every instance the critics have placed major emphasis upon Miss Hahn's amatory adventures, singling out her Chinese marriage in Shanghai and her having a baby by a married British officer in Hongkong. Why should they have seized upon these to condemn a book in which such things occupy only a few pages? I could easily understand that in a religious paper a reviewer might feel obliged to express his disapproval of Miss Hahn's attitude toward sexual morality, which, like her attitude toward God, she briefly sums up as being each man's own business. But why should critics who normally will swallow all sorts of sex, served up in a fashion to call for emulation, strain at what is in fact a gnat?

For Miss Hahn sticks to her principle. She does not for a moment suggest that it is a fine thing for maiden ladies to go around having babies. Nor does she make the process in the least attractive—quite the contrary. In fact the hospital scenes in connection with her confinement might well have been largely eliminated by the editor. They serve no purpose and they are not amusing reading. Moreover she nowhere hints—let alone says—that her relations with her Chinese "husband" had anything whatever to do with sex. Perhaps they did, but she does not say so. She "married" him at his wife's suggestion

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in order to save his property from the Japanese. Apparently under Chinese law, which permits polygamy, a husband can convey all his property to one of his wives in the marriage contract, and thus Miss Hahn, as an American citizen, had the right to move her friend's belongings to safety in the international settlement by virtue of his having settled them on her in the marriage contract. Such a trick may not represent conduct in accord with the very highest ethics, yet in a time of war and crisis, such things happen, and who is to say that they are reprehensible?

I have said all this only because I feel strongly that the reviews of "China to Me" are unjust. I suspect that there are political motives for what the secular reviewers have done. The book actually, in nine tenths of its pages, is a vivid and moving account of life on the China Coast from just before the beginning of Japan's present aggression until Miss Hahn's return to America on the *Gripsholm,* long months after Pearl Harbor. Old China hands of my acquaintance assure me that its veracity and the tone of the picture it paints are genuine—perhaps more genuine than any book of the sort yet to appear. It deserves to be read by any adult who wishes to get the feel of a life we hope the world will never see again—a world of extraterritoriality, of race feeling, of white supremacy, which is vastly responsible for the mess in which we now find ourselves. But Miss Hahn's political sin lies in the fact that she does not take sides, and apparently that is today an unforgivable sin. Of course she is against the Japanese and for the Chinese, yet she admits to the attraction of Japan and certainly does not bolster the current legend about the "monkey men." But apart from this, she does not throw her glove into the political ring. Thus she admires the Soong sisters and Chiang Kai-shek, but she is not their partisan. She tells us that Indusco is a fine thing, but that it has been ballyhooed to death and that its achievements simply are not what its friends have painted them to be. She says that she doesn't know about the Chinese communists, and that she doesn't believe any other journalist knows much more than she does. I presum that such objectivity on her part is what makes the boys mad. HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Forever Amber. Kathleen Winsor. Macmillan. $3.00.

THIS much-touted book, whose bestselling career has been happily checked by the paper shortage, which has made it out of print for a good many weeks, is another strange phenomenon of our day. The book possesses no slightest virtue of style, it is full of the most astounding fakery, particularly in its horticultural descriptions—we have ripe pears being picked in an English garden in July, as well as hollyhocks blooming with the earliest spring flowers—and it simply has no plot. It is a picaresque novel, no further advanced technically than what was being written almost at the time it describes—the Restoration, under Charles II. And here again sex rears its head. "Forever Amber" is a museum specimen of the sort of writing in which a complete holiday is declared on all sex morals. And precisely as is true of many other books in this same category, no holiday is declared on most of the other aspects of what might be called popular morality. Thus loyalty and honor and bravery all receive the respect they deserve. It is a strange, escapist world—this world where men and women sleep together at the drop of a hat. But I wonder whether an excursion into this world on the part of the reader would really undermine the reader's morals. Perhaps it would. Perhaps it all depends on how susceptible and suggestive the reader is.

Artistically, as I have hinted rather broadly, "Forever Amber" is a joke. And yet it possesses two characteristics which probably account for its success. In some strange and mysterious way it has action. It carries you along as you read it. That, one must assume, is some sort of natural gift on the part of the author which could better be used if only she had taken the trouble to learn how to write and had chosen to write about something worth writing about. The other characteristic is a certain ability to convey human affection. The only passage in the whole book which one could possibly recommend is the passage in which Amber nurses her lover through the plague and he does her the same service. These pages are truly moving, and it is perhaps not without some significance that nowhere throughout their length does sex enter the picture at all. HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

The Middle Kingdom. Christopher Morley. Harcourt. $2.00.

THIS is a collection of Mr. Morley's occasional verse produced during the last ten or fifteen years. It is mostly light and witty verse, the pleasure of which lies in its aptness and neatness of expression. Some people will like it very much indeed, some will see nothing in it. But one suspects that the former class greatly outnumbers the latter.

Armistice 1918. *Harry R. Rudin. Yale.* $5.00.

WHAT Mr. Rudin has done is to tell us starkly and in detail how Germany collapsed at the end of the last war. His writing is vivid and he has dug into the sources to produce all sorts of material to which the adjective "fascinating" can be applied with real accuracy. His book should prove a delight to those who like to read history on a scale small enough to be human.

Frances Willard. Mary Earhart. Chicago. $3.75.

ONE OF the avowed aims of this biography is to free the personality of the feminist leader from the "legend" of sainthood created by her heroine-worshiping aide and longtime companion, Anna Gordon. In these pages Frances Willard appears not only as one of the most effective originators of the suffrage movement and the perennial president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, but as possessed of organizing ability which would be notable in any event, an enthralling speaker and skilled tactician. Hers was the responsibility for allying the Union with the Prohibition Party against the wishes of many Republican associates. Hers was the breadth of view which produced the many-sided program and activities of the "Do Everything" policy; which brought the Union into the labor movement and peace movement, and sought to bring it into the socialist movement, as well as into the suffrage crusade. The successive steps of her growth from her early work in the education of women to her presidency in a World Union are clearly presented and well documented. Her personal life is kept relatively in the background, due possibly to the destruction of relevant documents. The significance of the religious tradition of America as a basis of support for the temperance movement is mentioned, but not elaborated; this might, however, be expected from one who begins her book with the comparison of the myth of Miss Willard's saintliness to the "concept of the Savior in Hebrew civilization." Direct quotations from speeches or articles written

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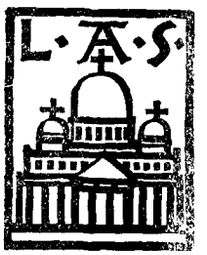
by Frances Willard appear only infrequently; nor are there examples of songs she wrote for the temperance campaign, or other instances of her wit and humor. As a result, her personality and influence are at times obscured entirely behind a recitation of achievements of organization or strategy of her creation, or smothered under repetitious praise from many quarters. The public figure becomes a living human being chiefly through the story of her lifelong companionship with her mother, or by way of her emotional appeal for women, which inspired in many of them an extraordinary personal devotion. Looking back at her zeal and the wide scope of her dreams, one wonders what she would say today on the war, the liquor traffic, and women's use of the ballot she strove to obtain for them. ELIZABETH M. LYNSKEY.

Take Them Up Tenderly. Margaret Case Harriman. Knopf. $2.75.

IN "LAURA," a current mystery film that customers are liking, the acidulous columnist played by Clifton Webb says, "I write with a goose quill dipped in venom." Margaret Case Harriman might say the same, except she would never say anything so corny. This collection of profiles all of which are about theater people (because Mrs. Harriman finds them the most entertaining and the nicest people to write about), sparkle with wit, facts and stories. Even the essay which is the least interesting basically (the one about John-Frederics) is so divertingly written that it holds one's attention. My favorites were the pieces about Helen Hayes, Gilbert Miller, Clare Boothe and Fanny Holtzmann, the lawyer who made cinema history when Princess Youssoupoff won her case against M-G-M over "Rasputin and the Empress."

All of these fifteen sketches except one (about Oscar Hammerstein II) ran in the *New Yorker;* they have been rewritten slightly and brought up to date by their author, who is one of that magazine's most quoted contributors. Her bright style, her barbed quips and her understanding of people explain her popularity. She inserts enough family tree and miscellaneous data to interpret her subjects, and she tells revealing anecdotes in a way that holds the reader fascinated. Because so many theatrical folk figure in this book, the same names recur frequently; an index would have been helpful since the most amusing tales are worth looking for a second time. Mrs. Harriman knows how to use quotes—short ones that are snappy wisecracks, as well as long ones as in the Clare Boothe-Dorothy Thompson harangue during the 1940 campaign.

For the benefit of anyone not familiar with the *New Yorker's* profiles, Mrs. Harriman explains in her foreword that a profile writer is not a fan-magazine author, a biographer or an interviewer. She does not elucidate however on how such a writer really gathers material or even has the infinite patience to wade through the endless research that must be necessary. (It should be pointed out, however, that Mrs. Harriman's information is not always correct.) And in reading the book you are likely to wonder where on earth its author picked up some of this stuff. You learn fascinating bits about Max Gordon's familiarity with the Roosevelts and his desire to run for Congress, or how Kaufman and Moss Hart actually go about collaborating on a play, or how Rodgers and Lorenz Hart wrote a song, or what Helen Hayes kept in her cheeks as the aged Victoria, or that Dorothy Parker does not always speak in epigrams. One word of warning to the reader: don't try to absorb this entire book in an evening, or Cole



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Porter, Lillian Hellman, Mary Pickford and the De Marcos may all run together in a confusion. Anyway you'd be surfeited with too much of a good thing.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Development of Higher Education in Mexico. George I. Sánchez. King's Crown. $1.50.

MR. SÁNCHEZ, who is professor of Latin American Education in the University of Texas, here presents a summary review of secondary, college and university education in Mexico, from its colonial foundations to special institutions of today. After a brief survey of geographic and economic factors, he analyzes the cultural contacts and conflicts of the Indian population with the early European educators, giving generous praise to the work of the Church in the sixteenth century and detailing a number of its leading institutions.

As seems to be the rule, the educational activities of the next two centuries are dismissed as "a narrow and formal humanism that was only a short step removed from scholasticism." The Jesuits are given credit for opening new intellectual horizons by introducing the classics; but even their later work is regarded as having handicapped the evolution "of the new, the Mexican culture." It would still appear to be the task of scholars to give these centuries a more detailed and constructive analysis.

A few penetrating flashes are afforded of the conflict between traditional education and the new ideas of the nineteenth century Liberals, which ended with the suppression of the Catholic schools. The heart of the difficulty, it is indicated, was not that the old schools lacked worth-while intellectual values but that they lacked the means to incorporate needed adaptations, while the Liberals lacked patience with what they regarded as "empty gestures" and feared the old intellectual values because of their former sponsorship, namely, Spain and the Church.

In his study of higher education today, the author points out that "the conflict between what might be regarded as the Leftist educational goals of the Revolution and the Rightist inherited educational tools and standards with which the new schools must be constructed represents the most serious issue confronting public education in Mexico today." He reveals a somewhat vacillating spirit in his approach to the problem, but in his mature restatement he concludes that "Mexico can be a Catholic country and still be a modern, progressive and intelligent country. Catholicism does not imply intellectual stagnation or indifference to human welfare and progress. . . . Education need have no quarrel with the Church in Mexico, and, by the same token, the Church need have no quarrel with modern education."

Some interesting statistics are given with regard to the remarkable increase in educational facilities, particularly since 1927. On the other hand, certain factors are listed as still militating against the desired advance in Mexican higher education. Among these are the inadequate salaries paid to teachers, resulting in the spread of their activities and the lowering of professional standards, the control of higher institutions by politically constituted departments of the government and a consequent loss of continuity in school administration, undesirable participating of the students in collegiate and university administration, and the fundamental conflict, as yet unresolved, on the philosophy of education, which must be resolved for "the proper development of administrative techniques and of professional standards essential to the satisfactory operation and growth of a modern Mexican society." The short bibliography is stimulating, but can hardly be regarded as adequate or sufficiently representative of Catholic thought and research in this field.

JAMES A. MAGNER.

The Inner Forum

CAIP on Conscription

THE POST WAR World Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace has just issued a statement opposing universal peacetime military service of the type now envisioned in bills presented to Congress. Some thirty members of the CAIP, clergy, religious and laymen, comprise the Post War World Committee and its chairman is Marie J. Carroll of the World Peace Foundation, Boston. Here is the statement in its full text:

America's new position in world affairs call for a reorganization of our traditional defense policy. But universal peacetime military service should be a last resort.

I. The Moral Issues

Conscription is more than a technique for raising an army. It is an institution with a philosophy and historical connotations. In the words of Cardinal Gasparri during the last war, "For more than a century conscription has been the real cause of a multitude of evils afflicting society." ("Principles for Peace," n. 551.) In the past, conscription has followed a common pattern: (1) one, two or even three years of active military service; (2) for all able-bodied young men; (3) as a permanent peacetime policy. This is the institution now being proposed for the United States defense policy.

Catholic moral theologians have long attacked conscription. They regarded it as an institution ill-adapted for the purpose it claimed to serve, and the cause of never-ending international suspicion and tension, as well as of innumerable internal economic and social evils. In the mind of Leo XIII its very existence was an argument for world organization. "This armed peace," he said, "which now prevails, cannot last much longer. Can this be the normal condition of human society?" ("Principles for Peace," n. 193.)

It is possible for an institution to be legitimate in theory yet in actual practice be identified with a multitude of evils which counterbalance the good it is expected to produce. This is the case with conscription. Catholic moral teaching does not deny the right of the state to force its citizens to undergo military training for the legitimate defense of the country. They can thoroughly subscribe to the statement of George Washington: "It may be laid down as a primary position, and the basis of our system that every citizen who enjoys the protection of a free government, owes not only a portion of his property, but even of his personal services to the defense of it." This statement, nowadays twisted into an argument for conscription, is merely a fundamental principle of well-ordered patriotism.

But however legitimate in theory, conscription has been by the candid testimony of history part and parcel of the

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war-minded philosophy of power politics that has produced two World Wars. As an institution which has proven itself a failure its abolition should be one of the tasks of a genuine peace settlement. The problem at issue is not the question of national security or the obligation to defend one's country. The issue turns on whether conscription, i.e., universal and compulsory service, is the desirable means to fulfill this obligation since other means are available.

Criticism of conscription on moral grounds falls under several headings:

1. Conscription is the symbol of the militarism of the nineteenth century. Through it the modern mass army and total warfare itself came to be possible. As long as it occupied the attention of Europe through its emphasis on force, all efforts at peace through collaboration were suffocated.

2. Conscription is based on and maintained by an exaggerated nationalism. In order to justify the economic and social hardships accompanying this grim program the most extreme ideas of patriotism had to be propagated. "Even in Catholic circles," says Wright, quoting Leclercq, "compulsory military service came to be considered a sacred principle of patriotic duty and all discussion of its legitimacy or even of its opportuneness came to be looked upon as almost sacrilegious." (p. 180.)

3. Once initiated, conscription has proved to be a monster whose appetite is never satiated. In many countries this military service rose from twelve months to two years and even three.

4. Conscription involves an enormous waste of human resources, to say nothing of economic and financial waste. Said Leo XIII in his letter *Praeclara Gratulationis* to all rulers and peoples in 1894, "Inexperienced youths are removed from parental direction and control, to be thrown amid the dangers of the soldier's life; robust young men are taken from agriculture or ennobling studies or trade or the arts to be put under arms." ("Principles for Peace," n. 193.) When this wasteful process is carried on as a longtime policy affecting the whole male population—which happens in universal peacetime military service—the consequences are all the more grave.

5. The pseudo-egalitarianism of the French Revolution goes along with it. This tortured acceptance of democracy makes a fetish of forcing all citizens to serve in the ranks, no matter what their calling or other duties. This time and energy lost to the arts of peace was a heavy tax both on the individual and the state. In many European countries even seminarians were obliged to undergo this training repugnant to their sacred vocation.

The evils of conscription became so clear at the end of World War I that one of the peace proposals of Pope Benedict XV through Cardinal Gasparri was "the suppression, by common agreement, among civilized nations of compulsory service and its replacement by voluntary service." ("Principles for Peace," n. 550, also cf. nn. 549, 541-2.) Furthermore, the Pope advocated the "establishment of a universal boycott against the nation which should seek to set up compulsory military service." (ib. n. 549.) This he regarded as "the practical system" and "easily applied, given a little good will."

II. America's Problem

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October-December Issue:
The Resurrection of France—
Considerations on Eric Gill—
Gerard Manley Hopkins—

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this practice now would be a radical departure from tradition. In deciding this question several facts about our foreign policy and the present world situation should be taken into account.

1. The central peace task of the United States is the cooperation towards an international security organization. When such an organization is effectively functioning the nations can abandon the philosophy of heavy armaments. Secretary Hull in outlining the seven bases for our foreign policy, on March 21, 1944, said with reference to the sixth point, reduction of arms: "International cooperative action must include eventual adjustment of national armaments in such a manner that the rule of law cannot be successfully challenged, that the burden of armaments may be reduced to a minimum."

2. Before the world we have made pledges with regard to armaments control. The Fourth Freedom, now being circulated on American occupation currency in the war zones, is Freedom from Fear, which means "a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor anywhere." And by the Moscow Declaration we promised to cooperate with other members of the United Nations "to bring about a practicable general agreement with respect to the regulation of armaments in the post-war period."

On the basis of our general peace aims and our specific pledges to seek disarmament, the proposal to introduce conscription into the United States is ill-considered, ill-timed and unworthy of the moral leadership which this nation should provide at this time. To be specific: (a) to a world wherein conscription stands for the old theory of war as an instrument of national policy such a course would do grave damage to international collaboration. (b) By introducing an institution whose ultimate suppression has been pledged we lay ourselves open to the charge of bad faith. (c) The existence of a huge reserve force of over 10,000,000 men is itself a threat to world peace and a temptation to aggression.

Far from making this innovation we should resurrect the plea of Benedict XV and urge "the suppression, by common agreement, among civilized nations of compulsory military service and its replacement by voluntary service." The inadequacy of a volunteer system of reserve recruiting should be obvious, before the United States consents to bring in the European institution of conscription with all its concomitant evils. But this does not mean opposition to a strong American army and navy either for self-defense or for American participation in keeping the peace over the world.

CONTRIBUTORS

Joseph BREIG is a Pittsburgh newspaperman.

Leo CAMP teaches at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Cal. .....

Joe DEVER, is a private in the Army; he is the winner of a short story contest conducted by *Yank* magazine.

M. F. MYSER is a Minnesota poet.

Francis DOWNING is assistant educational director of the United Auto Workers—CIO.

Cuthbert WRIGHT teaches at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

Alfredo MENDIZABAL is the author of "The Martyrdom of Spain." He is at present teaching at the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes in New York.

Elizabeth M. LYNSKEY is a member of the faculty of Hunter College, New York, N. Y.

Rev. James A. MAGNER is Procurator of the Catholic University of America, Brookland, D. C.

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